

[The following hymn was sung at the opening of the great International Exhibition, at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. :]

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues taught to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thon us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

LENA'S TEMPTATION.

Into the coziest and prettiest of breakfast rooms stole the bright rays of the October sun. There were beautiful pictures upon the walls, choice flowers abloom in graceful vases, and the breakfast table, with its array of China and silver, was itself the perfect picture which the artistic housewife knows how to evoke from chaos; but not a face amid the group gathered there but wore a shade of care and annoyance. The father, leaning back in his chair, toyed nervously with his teaspoon; the mother, a slender, delicate lady, with pensive face and gentle brown eyes, now dim with tears, passing the hardly tasted food, and pushed to the window, stood lost in thought, while the daughter, the cause, as usual, of the family trouble, tapped the carpet impatiently with her daintily-slipped foot.

"Indeed, I must have it, papa," she exclaimed, drawing a wordy argument to a close; and Mr. Lynell, succumbing at last to the inevitable, drew a plethoric purse from his pocket, and placed a roll of bills in the tiny, outstretched hand, when, with a kiss on his furrowed brow and a gay song rising to her lips, Lena danced out of the room.

As the echo of her footsteps died away, the mother crossed to her husband's side, and smoothing the gray hair back from his brow, said—

"I am sorry you yielded, Robert, for it will only encourage Lena in new extravagances. It seems to me that she grows more willful, more selfish and heartless, every day. I used to think when we kept the little shop down by the river and were so poor, so very, very poor, that rich people did not know the meaning of sorrow, but the fortune I so coveted has proved a curse instead of a blessing; and this sad morning it really seems to me that I would gladly exchange it for the peace and quiet happiness that were ours in those early days. God answers our prayers sometimes, I think, to show us how little we know our own wants."

"You must not give up so, Lucia," said the husband's calmer voice. "Lena is wild and thoughtless, but she is young and we will hope for better things. With such a true, wise mother, I cannot despair of her reformation; and He who led us in the day of adversity will not, I know, forsake us in our time of worldly prosperity."

Meanwhile Lena stood in her own room before the mirror trying the effect of various ribbons that lay near her, but whether the setting was of rose, or violet, or snow, the beautiful picture framed therein remained unchanged. It was a lovely face that the mirror reflected, and though a proud, cold look was dawning in the once gentle eyes, and hard, defiant lines settling around the once yielding mouth, the vivid coloring and perfect outline made it a face, once seen, to be forever kept in memory, a face full of strength and power. Left to her own resources, Lena Lynell would have fought bravely the battle of life; would have proved the strength and support of the weaker natures dependent upon her. But the nature that would have come forth unscathed from the fires of adversity had not been able to withstand the glow of prosperity, and living a useless, aimless life, with no higher ambition than to outshine her gay companions in the gorgeousness of her apparel, or the acquisition of some new baubles, she was growing daily cold, proud and unwomanly.

Once, indeed, in the months drifting rapidly by, a change had come over her life. The touch of a master hand, the glance of a dark eye, the persuasive accent of a loved voice, had awakened new aims and ambitions in her worldly heart, had given her a faint glimpse of a possible Eden.

But Gordon Gray, for some reason unknown to herself, and at the very time when he had appeared most devoted and lover-like—how well she remembered!—had gone away and forgotten her, and in the effort to shake off the memories, whose tenuous vibrations maddened her, Lena plunged still deeper into the engulfing maelstrom of fashionable life.

A few hours later, robed in rich attire, she swept down the street on her

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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way to the jeweler's. In the little country town which was her home there was not her equal for beauty of face or grace of form—a fact of which she was proudly conscious; and the looks of admiration that greeted her by the passers-by were delicious food to her vanity, which was becoming the controlling power of her nature. Passing a lonely residence on a retired street, her attention was arrested by a rap on the window-pane, and the sweet face of Gordon Gray's sister, Mrs. Alton, an old-time friend and school-mate, looked out from its framework of vines.

"Can't you come in a moment, Lena, dear? I have something to show you," she called, and running lightly up the steps, Lena soon found herself in the pleasant parlor, endeared to her by so many happy memories of the past.

A new painting hung upon the wall, and to this Mrs. Alton directed her friend's attention. It was a simple foreground scene. In the foreground a dead deer lay upon the greensward; a tired hound resting by his side; overhead a scarlet maple tossed its gorgeous banner on the air; and a little beyond a monarch oak, just touched with gold by the fairy frost, reared its regal head; on the right a blue river wound its way among the hills; over all hung the soft, tender haze of an October noon. A simple picture in its way, but in the depth of coloring and exquisite grace of the figures in the foreground, holding out a promise of better things.

"It is beautiful," said Lena, with a long-drawn breath of admiration. "Who is the artist?"

"It is the work of one of our townsmen, and it is her story I wish to tell you. Take this easy chair by the window," and wheeling forward a cushioned seat, Mrs. Alton placed herself by her friend's side, while baby Howard, picking up a letter which had fallen from the table, amused himself pulling it to pieces.

"Do you remember the head clerk at Belmont's?" began Mrs. Alton, "the one with the scholarly face and dreamy, artist eye? A few years since he was a leading merchant in one of our large cities. Through the treachery of a friend, in whose honor he had confided, he became a bankrupt, and was forced at last to accept the situation he holds at present. Of his five daughters, delicately reared and fashionably educated, only one, the youngest, could do anything to assist herself, or lessen the family burden, while the mother, completely prostrated by the loss of fortune, became a helpless invalid. But my little heroine has proved herself equal to every emergency. Housekeeper, seamstress, nurse, all in one, she has the priceless faculty of making the most of their small income. A friend of mine, while examining some of her paintings, praised her talent and suggested that she might dispose of them at good prices. Acting upon this hint she has offered some of the best for sale, but has met with very little encouragement, notwithstanding the undisputed merit of her productions. She is anxious now to raise funds to enable her to spend the winter in the city, taking lessons of Grange, who is a master in his department. Lilla's experience as teacher of a small class in drawing has shown her how superficial her education has been, and she wishes to cultivate her talent, but unless she receives help from some friend, I fear she will not succeed. While Lloyd is so embarrassed, and a shadow flitted across the speaker's face, "I cannot conscientiously do much to assist her from my own purse; but I hope to interest some person in her case," and Mrs. Alton paused, while her eyes sought her friend's face wistfully.

Lena, throwing off a momentary feeling of embarrassment, answered: "I am sure I should be glad to assist her, Nellie, if it were in my power, but we have already more paintings than I can find room for, and it does cost one so much to dress nowadays. Why, only this morning papa was lecturing me on what he was pleased to call my extravagance, because I wanted that lovely bracelet at Ball's. Such a beauty! And not another in town like it. I'm sure I don't begin to have as much as other girls with our means; and what's the use of living, I should like to know, if one cannot dress as other people do?"

An old-fashioned quotation, one seldom heard in the bustle and rush of the present worldly age, rose to Mrs. Alton's lips: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Oh, if you intend adding a 'secondly' to papa's sermon, I may as well be going," laughed Lena, rising to her feet and drawing on her gloves. "Can I be of any further service to you, Mrs. Alton?"

"Will you have the kindness to match this zephyr for me at Brett's? It's for Lloyd's birthday present, and baby isn't feeling well, and I dislike to leave him this afternoon."

Rescuing a torn bit of paper from baby Howard's fingers she wrapped it around

the fleecy scarf of wool, and placed it in her friend's hand.

"By the way, Lena," she said, stooping to pick of the baby to conceal embarrassment. "I had a letter from Gordon a short time since."

A sudden flush swept into Lena's face, and in a voice which she strove in vain to make careless and unconcerned, she said,—

"He is well, I hope."

"Yes; and thinks of going abroad. His firm greatly desires that he should become the resident partner in Paris. He has nothing to keep him at home, except myself and Lloyd, and we shall try to not be selfish in a matter so greatly to his advantage."

Five minutes later, Lena was on her way down the street. Mrs. Alton, watching her from the window whispered to herself while a look of deep interest settled on her face,—

"Gordon was right. She is thoroughly selfish and heartless, and not worthy of him. I must give up my pretty dream. Lloyd says that match-making is one of my failings."

Meanwhile Lena passed on her way unconscious that on this perfect day of all the year nature had turned spendthrift, and with reckless hand was flinging her wealth of beauty on wood and plain. The earth was robed in glory, but Lena, walking like one in a dream, was conscious only of the old, old heart ache; the keen pain so long battled with, rose in its might and threatened to overcome her.

He was going away. The faint hope which had sustained her these weary months was utterly quenched. He had never cared for her, she whispered, bitterly, and there was nothing left for her but the same weary, aimless, intolerable life she had endured so long. She had deceived herself in those bright, brief days forever gone by. It was only a friend's glance that had met her, only a friend's brave, hopeful words that had given her such hope and courage; and in return she had given all the wealth of a young heart's first love. Clasp her hands in sudden agony the slip of paper fell from her trembling fingers. As she stooped to regain it her glance fell upon her own name, written in a handwriting she knew but too well; and without stopping to think, she unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"I do love her, Nellie, as I never expect to love again; but I dare not trust my life's happiness in the hands of one so utterly frivolous and selfish. I had almost said heartless. It gives me keen pain to write this, but the truth stands before me, and I must face it and bear it. There has been a time when I thought she might prove different; that the slumbering better nature in her soul would waken to new life; but the experience of the past year has proved my hopes false. On every hand I hear of her vanity and folly, her selfishness and hard-heartedness. I am going away, and in the new life opening before me I shall try to drive the memory of Lena Lynell from my mind."

Pleasant words for a loving, sensitive heart to scan! But in extreme cases harsh remedies are needed, and Nellie Alton never did a wiser deed than when, unwittingly, she placed that slip of torn paper in her friend's hand.

After the first glow of indignation had subsided Lena was conscious of a faint thrill of joy mingled with the keen pain Gordon Gray's words had caused. He had cared for her, then, after all; it was her own hand that had dashed the cup of joy from her lips. If she had only been true to herself how much pain she might have been spared; and the old child-look came back into Lena's face, and the tears rose in her eyes as she prayed silently, "God forgive me, and help me to be a better woman!"

The coveted bracelet had lost its charm. She was in no mood for trifles. Turning down a side street, she walked on and on beneath the wind-stirred trees, until the slanting rays of the afternoon sun roused her from her reverie. She was on the outskirts of the village, and right before her stood a little house, gray and unpainted, at whose window a young girl sat before her easel. Mrs. Alton's description had been so vivid that Lena had no difficulty in recognizing in this young artist the heroine of her friend's story. Opportunities for doing good had passed by her one by one unimproved in the olden days; here was one, and she would not neglect it; and in a moment she was introducing herself to the young artist, and all her old-time pride forgotten, chatting with her like an old friend, winning her confidence, and devising means to assist her without wounding her pride.

There was an irresistible charm about Lilla Burton's manner. She was so thoroughly in earnest in the pursuit of her life-work, so wrapped up in the interests of her dear ones for whose sake she labored, that Lena became deeply interested in her, and when she at last took her departure the roll of bills was transferred to the artist's hands, and Lena became the happy possessor of one of her finest paintings.

Walking home in the late afternoon, Lena was conscious of a strange sense of self-satisfaction, and almost contentment. For the first time in years she had expe-

rienced the joy of making another happy, and the good work so begun she had no intention of leaving unfinished. Before she retired for the night she had written a long letter to an aunt in the city, whose kind interest she felt determined to awaken in behalf of her protegee.

A reply soon came. Aunt Ruth would be glad of a companion, and would do all in her power to assist the young artist; and so it came about that when the first snows fell, Lilla Burton became an inmate of Mrs. Cran's home, and began to apply herself with untiring assiduity to her loved art.

As for Lena, once having tasted the sweets of doing good, she had no mind to go back to the old selfish life. On the right hand and on the left she found those who needed her help, her sympathy, and advice; and becoming interested in her work, the old pain and heartache lost some of its strength. A complete change had passed over her nature, and her parents rejoiced in the result, without inquiring too closely into the cause which had produced it. Gordon Gray did not go abroad. The ties which bound him to his native land were too strong to be broken; and so it came that frequenting art galleries and studios, he became familiar with the fair young face which attracted him by the earnestness imprinted on every feature.

At last it grew to be one of his pleasures to stand by Lilla Burton's side, and watch her at her beautiful work, giving freely a friend's kindly criticism.

The Christmas time was drawing nigh, and Lilla's heart, overflowing with its debt of gratitude, determined to make a suitable acknowledgment to her kind benefactress. Hour by hour she labored patiently. When the Christmas week dawned the work was completed, and was a portrait of Lena Lynell, dressed in a dark velvet costume, and holding in her hand some crocuses. It had been sketched from memory, for Lilla had once seen her thus; but the tender, truthful look was of a lovelier character than had been seen in the Lena of old; though it was no exaggeration now. A loving heart had dictated, and a loving hand had executed the portrait, and rarely had a more beautiful face beamed forth from the canvas.

As she put the last touch to the picture and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, Gordon Gray, who had been absent from the city, entered. In her absorption Lilla did not perceive him till he spoke.

"Heavens! what a likeness!" he exclaimed. "Only, if possible, even more beautiful. Tell me, Lilla," he cried in agitation, "is this only a fancy piece, or is it a real portrait?"

"It is a real portrait," answered Lilla, regarding him with surprise. "Do you know her? It is the face Lena Lynell, my dearest friend, and the noblest woman I ever knew."

She spoke with enthusiasm, and while her visitor listened in astonishment and admiration the whole story came out. A great revolution had taken place in Gordon Gray's heart. Even to himself he would not before acknowledge that the old love still lingered; and it needed but this breath of praise from a woman's lips to fan the smoldering embers into a brilliant flame. When they parted it was with a firm resolve in his heart to pay his sister a visit, and see for himself if time had indeed wrought such wondrous changes.

What the result of his observation was may be inferred from the fact that Lena Lynell is now, and has been for many years, his happy wife. In her sunlit home she hears of the fame and honor which her protegee has acquired; of the wealth that has poured in upon her; of the hosts of friends who throng around her; and she thanks the Giver of good, who turned her feet from the paths of folly and selfishness, and in teaching her to labor for others brought true happiness to her worldly heart.

A Man With a Silver Head.

Count Paul de Gabriac publishes, in his travels, the following reminiscence of Lima:

One day, when dining with the French Consul, "the man with the Silver Head" was announced. He was a Frenchman, owning a small property near the city. While taking a walk some months ago he heard cries of agony, and hastening in the direction from whence they came, surprised three brigands, one of whom held a traveler's head between his knees, while another cut his ears off and a third stabbed him. The undaunted Frenchman killed one of the villains, whereupon the other two fled. At this moment, a Peruvian gendarme appeared upon the scene, one of whom, thinking the Frenchman a murderer, with a powerful horizontal blow of his sword cut the top part of the skull clean off, leaving the brain bare.

The Frenchman, after lying an hour unconscious, revived, picked up the upper part of his head, walked home in the broiling sun, and had a silver plate made in place of the original scalp, which had shrunk too much.

—Authors and ghosts make their appearance in sheets.

Mercantile Integrity.

The late Samuel Brown, Esq., a merchant of this city, President of the Union Bank, and the owner of "Brown's wharf," and of a large amount of real estate now the property of the Boston Gas Light Company, is still remembered by our older citizens. When the elder Quincy was Mayor, with his wonderful sagacity he saw the necessity of moving the Alms-house and the House of Correction (then in Leverett street) to South Boston. Mr. Brown owned a very large vacant estate where the buildings now stand, and Mr. Quincy called upon him and stated his purpose to induce the city government to remove the institutions to South Boston, and asked the price of the estate referred. The reply was \$30,000. Mr. Quincy said that would do, and asked thirty days' refusal and a bond of it, in order to persuade the city council to agree to the measure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no bond, as he said his word was his bond always. The Mayor took his word and in twenty-eight days he obtained the proper authority and again waited on Mr. Brown, saying that he had come to complete the sale of that land.

"What land?" said Mr. Brown.

"Why, the South Boston land we spoke of," said the Mayor.

"At what price, sir?" asked the former.

"Thirty thousand dollars," replied the latter, "the price agreed upon."

"Did I say that amount, sir?"

"You did."

"Have you any writing to that effect?"

"No sir, none."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "since you were here I have been offered \$60,000 cash for it, and you can't expect me to sell it for \$30,000 to the city?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quincy, "because you agreed to."

"Have you any proof for that?"

"Yes, I am the witness."

"But you being an interested party, can't be a witness. Have you any other witness or proof, and do you ask me to refuse \$60,000 for the land and sell it to the city for \$30,000?"

"I do."

"You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy?"

"None, sir, whatever," replied the Mayor, stretching himself up with great dignity—"none, whatever, but your word, and that you said was your bond."

"And," replied Mr. Brown, stretching himself with equal dignity, "so it is. My word is my bond, and for \$30,000 the land is yours."

And so it was. The buildings were erected upon that estate, and there they stand a monument to Mr. Samuel Brown's mercantile integrity.

To-day that land is worth millions of dollars to this city. Can any person but feel proud of this instance of sterling integrity? In those times \$30,000 was a fortune, but the world could not bid high enough to bribe Samuel Brown to a mean action.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Woman of Spirit.

At Des Moines a lady named Mrs. G. V. Bishop, who has had a quarrel with her husband, writes and publishes the following curious document:

"I hereby certify that J. E. Bishop lied, and he knew it, when he said I left his house with my three little children, without any provocation. As I consider (and think others would if they knew the truth), I had a great many provocations. All I ask of him is to pay his just debts and not wrong people out of their just dues, and leave me and my children alone and pay me my government pension that he has used ten years (being \$350), and interest on it for half the time he has used it, and my furniture that I took there. I will risk getting my sugar without calling on my friends to hunt up what has been put away for the sick babe. I will further say that I can make as good a living for myself and three little ones as we had with J. E. Bishop, although he would have people think that I was a great expense to him. I confess he got me two ten-cent calico dresses within three years. I think it will keep him busy to gather up enough of his neighbors' hogs to keep himself and his two children; however it don't take much of such pork to do me. I will say that through his scowling, posturing and complaining, I quit drinking coffee six years ago; but he continued chewing, smoking, and using his coffee as usual. Then, last fall, he openly forbade my using tea. I suppose tobacco and coffee had raised in price. The whole trouble arose from his wanting my share of my first husband's estate without giving anything to show that he ever received anything from said estate. He did not get it, nor won't."

—A quarrelsome husband and wife in Iowa decided to separate and divide their property evenly. The land was measured off into two farms, and the house and barn were cut in halves, and each half removed a short distance.

—Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

The Quaker's Hat.

The first occasion on which the Quaker's hat came publicly and officially into trouble was at the Launceston Assizes in the year 1656, before no less a person than Chief-Justice Glynne. "When we were brought into the court," says Fox, "we stood a pretty while with our hats on, and all was quiet, and I was moved to say, 'Peace be among you.' 'Why do you not put your hats off?' said the judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said the judge again. Still we said nothing. Then said the judge, 'The court commands you to put off your hats.' George Fox, with amazing simplicity, asked for some Scriptural instances of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, 'either printed or written, any law of England that did command such a thing.' Then the judge grew very angry, and said, 'I do not carry my law-books on my back.' 'But,' said Fox, 'tell me where it is printed in any statute-book, that I may read it.' The chief-justice cried out, 'Prevaricator!' and ordered the Quakers to be taken away. When they were brought before him again, the chief-justice asked Fox whether he was mentioned at all in the Bible? 'Yes,' said the Quaker, 'in the third of Daniel, where thou mayest read that the children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command with their coats, their hose, and their hats on!' Here was a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence. 'This plain instance stopped him,' says Fox. 'So he cried again, 'Take them away, gaoler!' accordingly we were taken away, and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while." After nine weeks imprisonment "for nothing but about their hats," as the chief-justice told them, they were again brought before him, grimly wearing the offending head-gear. "Take off their hats," said the judge to the gaoler. "Which he did," says Fox, "and gave them unto us; and we put them on again. Then the judge began to make a great speech, how he represented the Lord protector's person, and that he had made him lord chief-justice of England." The Quakers were inexpressible. They were sent back to prison, but not really so much for the wearing of their hats as for the suspicion that they were royalist emissaries affecting religious singularity in order to win their way among the extreme Puritans.—*Saturday Review.*

Dimensions of Heaven.

This singular calculation appeared in the old Charlottesville Jeffersonian:

A description of Heaven—Revelation 21st chapter, 16th verse—"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs—the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." 12,000 furlongs—7,920,000 feet, which being cubed is 496,792,088,000,000,000,000 cubical feet; the half of which we will reserve for a throne of God and Court of Heaven, half of the balance for streets, and the remainder divided by 4,036, the cubical in a room sixteen feet square and sixteen feet high, will be 30,321,833,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 600,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last 33½ years—2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years—2,700,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds, equal to this number of inhabitants, and duration of years, then there would be a room 16 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high, for each person. And yet there would be room.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.—He was tall and awkward, and she was short and bashful, but both were a nervous aspect of exceeding great joy. They entered a hotel in Chicago, and after he had registered his name "and lady" he said to the clerk:

"See here, mister, me and my wife have just been spliced, and I am going to show Ananda Chicago, if it takes a mule a day. Now give us one of them rooms like the Temple of Solomon, you know."

The clerk called a row-boy, and said, "Show this gentleman to the bridal chamber."

At this direction the tall rustic became instantly excited.

"Not by a durned sight! Ye shiny-haired, biled-shirted, dollar-breast-pinned, grinning monkey, ye can't play that on me! If I am from the country, ye don't catch me and my wife sleeping in your old harness-room." And they left the hotel.

THE PHILADELPHIAN receives daily about seven postal cards, with "Dear cousin, expect me in June, with a friend whom you will be delighted to know. It will be impossible for me to stay more than three weeks. I am so glad that we have begun to correspond again." Philadelphia demands a fast mail train to the dead letter office.

Servant—"Please, sir, we ain't got no bread and the baker says he won't trust you any longer!" Irate Irishman—"The mane basto! No bread! Bedad, then I must have toast!"

Miss Dickinson's Stage Dresses.

All of the dresses Miss Dickinson wears as Anne Boleyn were devised by herself, and they are spoken of as queenly in richness and elaborate in detail, as well as historically correct. They are four in number, one for each act, and were not made in Paris, as has been reported, but by her own dressmaker in New York and under her direction. The cost of the outfit was \$9,000, exclusive of diamonds and ornaments. As Anne Boleyn is supposed just to have returned from France, some license is allowed for French taste. Miss Dickinson wears a gold-blond wig, and displays her costumes with exquisite taste. There is a marvel of feminine art in her exhibition of her queenly robes, as act after act brings them before the public eye. The first is the court dress Anne Boleyn may be said to have worn when the admiring eyes of King Henry were attracted by the girlish beauty. It is a creamy brocade, with ruby velvet trimmings and gold embroidery. This role is bewildering in its blended beauty, and it is as exquisite for harmony as for elaborateness. The second is a dress supposed to be worn at the home of her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn. It is a Metternich green satin, with a crimson and cloth of gold overdress of the Venetian style, and it may be described as unique and piquant, with a subtle suggestion of the ante-renaissance period. The third dress is a marvel of brocade beauty as it is fitting for the royal robes of an English queen. It is of the azure of an unclouded sky, and it is made more queenly by a train of blue velvet and ermine and a girdle of diamonds and pearls, with a diamond crown and necklace. The stomachier is of woven pearls and old lace. The last dress is not the traditional black velvet in which queens are supposed to be led to the block. It is sombre, but full of a passionate suggestion of intense smothered fire, typified by a blending of black and crimson satin under rich black lace. It is such a dress that a queen might almost wish to die at the hands of the executioner that she might be able to wear it.

No Dogs Allowed in the Cars.

It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The train had just left Easton, and the conductor was going his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes, sitting cozily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over like a lop-sided pumpkin. But duty was duty, and he remarked, in his most deprecating manner:

"I'm very sorry, madam, but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars."

"Oh, my! I is that so?" and she turned up her lovely brown eyes at him, beseechingly. "What in the world will I do? I can't throw him away. He's a Christmas present from my aunt."

"By no means, miss. We'll just put him in a baggage-car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring."

"What! put my nice white dog in a nasty, stuffy, dusty baggage-car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, miss. I do assure you, but the rules of this Company are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and among other fellows, you know. He shall have my overcoat to lie on, and the brakeman shall feed him grub and water every time he opens his mouth."

"I just think it's awful mean, so I do; and I know somebody will steal it, so they will," and she showed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman, who was playing a solo on the stove—

"Here, Andy, take this dog into the baggage-car and tell 'em to take the best kind of care of him."

The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked the canine up as tenderly as though it was a two weeks old baby, but as he did so a strange expression came over his face, like a wave of cramp colic, and he said hastily to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute till I put this poker away," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with ague.

The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a place to fall through.

"Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog."

"Yes, sir," said the little miss, demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

"No, I'm most awful sorry to say I didn't know that," and he laid the Christmas dog down on the owner's lap and walked out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymn tune to suit the worst sold man on the Lehigh Valley Road.

A FEMALE ROBIN HOOD.—A Washington letter to the Burlington Hawkeye, relates this incident of a noted female lobbyist now figuring at the capital:

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1876.

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A few of our subscribers are still behind hand in paying their subscriptions. Please pay up without delay as we are in need of the money to keep the JOURNAL alive.

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"Anything whatever attached to a postal card renders it unavailable as a postal card, and if it reaches its destination it cannot be delivered except the double letter rate, less one cent for the stamp impressed thereon, is paid by the party addressed."

The above extract is copied from the rulings of the United States Post-office Department. A few days since we received a postal card from Brooklyn, having pasted on the back of it two paragraphs cut from newspapers. At our Post-office we were charged double letter postage for it, minus one cent, the price previously paid by the sender for the postal card, which was five cents. Never attach anything to a postal card. If you have clippings which you wish published, enclose them in a letter, and do not forget to give the name and date of the paper from which they were taken. The better way, however, is to mail the whole paper, which makes the postage less, and mark the articles, or paragraphs intended for republication. Then we can clip for ourselves, and besides, it is often important to have the contents of the paper for reference.

Hints to Our Correspondents.

We have lately received a few communications from some of our correspondents for publication, which in some cases contained a sprinkling of vulgarity and in others something approaching profanity. Such paragraphs, of course, have to be excluded from the JOURNAL, as we intend to maintain and improve the present moral and refined status of our paper. Do not send anything which you would not like to relate in the parlor, or drawing-room in the presence of intelligent and cultivated ladies and gentlemen. All immoral, or obscene matters written for the JOURNAL, are immediately consigned to the flames or to the waste paper basket, and consequently the labor of writing them is so much time worse than squandered by the writers.

Do not send us any trivial matter or items for the paper, which are neither worth the time spent in reading them, nor the postage paid in sending them. Many things supposed by some writers to be of great consequence to the world, are considered by sensible readers, to be simply nonsensical. Write, not so much to satisfy your own selfish conceit, but more with the desire of imparting useful knowledge and interesting facts. We hope none of our correspondents will take offense at our allusion to this matter. What we have to say on this subject, is of as great importance to all our readers, and the prosperity of the JOURNAL. We do not design to find fault with correspondents. What we ask of some of them is that they confine their writings more to subjects and matters of general interest and practical worth, to the exclusion of profane, trivial and self-conceited bombastic contributions, which are unimportant and uninteresting to an intelligent and refined reading public of the present age, and which cannot fail to reflect discredit on the writers. Cultivate then, a taste for a higher standard of composition and expression of thought, and send us articles for the JOURNAL, which will reflect honor upon you as correspondents and gratify your reading friends.

Both Mistaken.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to play her fingers nimbly; Lord Guildford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb."—Roger's Table Talk.

Tribute to Wm. L. M. Breg.

Wm. L. M. Breg, a deaf-mute resident of Flint, Mich., and a teacher in the Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes died at his home on the 6th of the present month. A few weeks ago he left the Institution on account of sickness, expecting that he should be able to resume his duties again in a short time. But his labors on earth are ended, and he has gone to his reward. His death was the result of a complication of diseases, prominent among which was bilious fever, the latter no doubt being the immediate cause, by which his life was brought to a somewhat sudden termination.

Our departed friend Breg was, at the time of his death, between forty-four and forty-five years of age. His birth-place we are unable to give, but in early life he lived in the town of Colcocton, Steuben county, New York, and received his education at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, passing through the full course of the High Class, of which he was one of the first members after its inauguration, graduating from the class of 1855. Having ourselves graduated at the same time and place, it was our fortune to form a very friendly and intimate acquaintance with the deceased, and we were thus enabled to form a proper estimate of his noble character. At school his habits of life were unexceptionable, and all the teachers and pupils were his friends; he was an early riser and a studious, conscientious scholar; neat in his personal habits; cheerful and obedient to his instructors; kind and obliging to all his associates. During our attendance at the Institution we scarcely saw an imperfection in his conduct. He never wearied in his zealous application to his studies.

A letter from Mr. A. W. Mann published in another column to-day gives some account of the reputation which he bore as a teacher in the Michigan Institution, of which we were not personally acquainted. We understand that he died under embarrassed circumstances. Our readers will recollect that some time ago, he was dismissed very summarily and unjustly from his position of teacher in the Institution. His removal was for no other cause than for telling the truth in regard to the principal of that Institution, and for which reason alone the principal succeeded in having him discharged from the corps of teachers. Deprivation of employment, added to his previous embarrassments, did much to keep him struggling with poverty. The Board of Trustees, after fully investigating the matter between himself and the principal fully exonerated the former from all fault and affirmed their verdict in his favor by reinstating him recently in his position as one of the teachers.

The family are entitled to, and deserving of the sympathy of their friends. He will be sadly missed by them, by his pupils, and fellow teachers, and all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. But he has gone to his Saviour and to a better home. The many who so sadly mourn his departure will remember his good deeds and noble character, and ever honor the name of Wm. L. M. BREG.

A Case of Convenient Deaf-Dumbness.

A few weeks since a stranger entered the office of Mr. J. W. Moak, the General Superintendent of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad, at Watertown. After cautiously surveying the premises and occupants, he drew forth a pencil and paper, and wrote to the following effect:

"Please give me a pass to Rome, I am deaf and dumb and out of money."

Mr. Moak took the paper, read the contents and concluded to give the sufferer the benefit of a free ride. As he turned to the desk to fill out the required "paste-board" he was struck by an idea that flashed through his mind. Wheeling around suddenly and confronting the poor deaf-mute applicant, he inquired, "Where did you say you wished to go?" "To Rome," replied the man in an audible and distinct tone, forgetting that he had so recently been a deaf-mute. It is needless to say that the impostor received a pass that helped him out of that office on time that would put Weston's fastest to the blush.

Centennial Visitors.

Elsewhere we publish an article from Mr. John Carlin, of interest to deaf-mutes who are intending to visit the Philadelphia Centennial. The Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute Institution, after due consideration of the subject, have decided adversely to the request of deaf-mutes asking the use of the Institution buildings for lodging purposes, while visiting the Exhibition, during the vacation of the school.

The directors realizing that the Institution buildings are not spacious enough to accommodate all who might like to avail themselves of its privileges, have concluded that fairness to all would be the best maintained by not granting the use of the Institution to any of them. In view of their decision all deaf-mutes desiring to visit the Centennial without being subjected to exorbitant prices for lodgings will do well to persevere. Mr. Carlin's letter and learn how to attend the Exhibition at the least possible expense.

Personal.

It is reported that Mr. Egbert L. Bangs has tendered his resignation as Principal of the Michigan Deaf-mute Institution, at Flint, to take effect at the close of the present school year in June next.

The Itch which commonly prevails among people of unclean habits and impure blood, and usually defies the ordinary expedients for its removal, can be quickly expelled by a few ablutions with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Sold everywhere.

The Itch.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itch.*

The Deaf-mute Mission of the city of Jackson, Mich., received four accessions by baptism, on the 14th inst. The rite was administered by the Rev. J. T. MAGRATH, and the service read in signs by Mr. A. W. MANN, the missionary. The persons baptized were Miss ORVIS, and three young children of Mrs. M. H. KERR.

JAMES G. GEORGE, editor of the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*, died at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Danville, the second of this month. He was a good man, and a successful teacher and editor.

MERRIT OSTRANDER, of Whiteport, N. Y., in renewing his subscription for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, expresses his good wishes for its welfare, and adds his testimonial as to the high esteem in which it is held by the deaf-mute public.

ONE of the convicts of the Michigan State Prison is a deaf-mute, by the name of GEO. P. ROSE. He was sent there for three years for grand larceny, and has served out but a few weeks of the time. He has borne a very bad reputation for years, and is now in a place where he can reform if he is wise enough to do so.

HENRY F. EBERLY has been serving out a three months' sentence at the Detroit House of Correction, for robbing the till of his employer at Flint, Mich.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, a deaf-mute, was recently arrested in Brooklyn for being drunk, and taken before Justice KEESZ. He wrote that he is a book canvasser for the Boston Deaf-mute Mission and Relief Bureau, and promised to do better in the future. Justice Keesz let him go.

MERRIT OSTRANDER, of Whiteport, N. Y., has a wife and one child, and owns a house and lot in that village. He is a cooper by trade and is working in a barrel factory. His wife was formerly Miss MARGARET M. BOWEN, a graduate of the New York Deaf-mute Institution.

SAMUEL ROWE and wife, graduates of the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., are living in a two-story house, on a fine farm near West Roxbury, Mass. The farm contains seventy-five acres of good land. Mr. Rowe used to work at the cabinet business, but considers farming more independent and comfortable.

LOUIS BENEDICT JAMISON, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute Institution has lately received a legacy of a house and farm in Virginia, where he is now living.

B. H. B. ALDEN, of Camden, Me., a graduate of the American Asylum, has received a pair of young alligators by express, from his brother who is in Florida, making his bridal tour. He keeps them in a water tank. Success to Mr. Alden in his new industry. May he in the near future be able to compete successfully with P. T. BARNUM in the show business.

AN infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. HIBBARD (deaf-mutes) was baptized in St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Mich., on Sunday, May 7th.

VISITORS to the Centennial will find a file of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in box No. 4822 of Rowell's Newspaper Exposition.

ONE of the most touchingly simple words was that left by a German pastor, HOLZOPPEL, of Reinitz. It consists of this one sentence only: "My soul to God, my body to earth, my money to our deaf and dumb Hospital."

Ancient Newspapers.

At the coming Centennial Newspaper Exhibition at Philadelphia it has been decided to display copies of antique journals and other curiosities of newspaper literature. To this interesting collection all persons having ancient, quaint, or curious specimens are invited to contribute; and should the response be as hearty and general as we hope to find it, this gathering of time-worn publications will prove to be not only a leading trait of the Newspaper Department, but also one of the salient attractions of the Exhibition as a whole. All having the ability and the will to help on the project should transmit their consignments without delay to the Philadelphia office of the Newspaper Exhibition, Ledger Building, 110 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. Whilst on view, these exhibits will have attached to them labels designating by whom they are contributed, and all consistent care will be taken to preserve them from damage. After the close of the Exhibition they will be again at the service of their owners, or, in the absence of different instructions, will be transferred to some historical society or museum.

During the late war there were many newspapers issued which illustrated the straits in which their publishers found themselves. Pink, blue, and yellow sheets, wrapping paper, and many other substitutes were pressed into the service. Specimens of these now possess a curious interest.

The advantages to the public of such a gathering are manifest to a degree which renders elucidation unnecessary, and the opportunity to do a very useful act is placed within easy reach. A single copy of some senile broadsheet may not be of much worth to its proprietor, yet in conjunction with others it will make up a worthy collection. Many people there are who, having preserved such curiosities for years, can turn them to little or no practical account, and it is not too much to hope that the response given by such will be ready and general. Without loss to themselves, they can materially benefit visitors to the Great Centennial Exhibition and appreciably advance a patriotic movement.

Oregon Deaf-Mute School.

We have long entertained a good opinion of the Oregon Deaf-mute Institution. An article clipped from an exchange in relation to the subject says:

The Deaf-mute School for the State of Oregon would be a credit to any of the older States, not in point of numbers, but in the management of the buildings and capacity of teachers. A visit to that institution on Friday last was made decidedly pleasant, on account of the satisfactory condition of things and the very interesting Friday evening exercises. The entire building is kept in a clean and healthy condition, being under the immediate care of Mrs. Col. Cooper, who looks with maternal interest over the establishment. The building is well lighted and ventilated, and modern appliances for sanitary purposes have been adopted. Rev. P. S. Knight is principal of the school and gives it much of his attention. Prof. W. S. Smith is the teacher of advanced class and a very intelligent and active teacher. John H. La Rue is the teacher of the primary department, having been educated in this institution. Several of the pupils—numbering twenty-three—as well as the teachers have acquired wonderful proficiency in pantomime, and some of their performances would gratify and amuse any refined and cultivated audience. We would be pleased to describe many of the Friday afternoon scenes in that school, but have not time nor space at this date, but return thanks to teachers and pupils for the friendly manner in which they received us. Several pupils compose sentences, correctly, writing them on a blackboard and generally in a legible hand. Among them we noticed some fine compositions hastily written by a beautiful young lady of nineteen years, Miss Mary Watkins, and were not a little surprised to learn that she had acquired all this knowledge in the space of about three years. There are many interesting features of this school which we will speak of at some future time.

The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon, and seemed like our national holiday—the 4th of July. For nearly two days previous, rain had poured down in torrents, and the night before was portentous of mud and water for the opening. Yet old Probs. said it would be fair, and the people stood round the hotel lobbies and under awnings praying that he might be right, or at least be able to effect an arrangement with the clerk of the weather. But the morning dawned unpropitious, and the military which had been ordered to rendezvous at half-past seven were tardy in falling into line. An hour later, however, the clouds broke away and old Sol came out in all his splendor. Then the sight was grand and beautiful. The city was all tasselled and festooned with the flags of every nation, which shook off the glistening drops; and the sound of drums and bugles down a dozen streets betokened the marshalling of troops. It was nine o'clock when the head of the line reached the residence of George W. Childs, where the President and Cabinet took a position at the head. The military escort consisted of Gov. Hartranft, and Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, with their respective staffs and about 6,000 men in line, some of the most notable organizations being the Boston Cadets, and the Boston Lancers and the Pennsylvania State Fencibles.

A Reported Miracle Successfully Refuted.

MONMOUTH, February 27, 1876.
ED. MERCURY: While in your city a short time since, I noticed in the Statesman the following:

"James Elkins, a deaf-mute, was taken from the school in Salem, not long since, on account of typhoid fever. He is both speech and hearing. He was a born mute, and this is a most remarkable case of restoration."

If this were so, perhaps a spell of typhoid might endow the writer of that idiotic item with brains—something he is evidently in need of. How any one could have restored what he never had is a puzzle to me, and every one possessed of common intelligence ought to know that even if a person deaf from birth should become able to hear, it would be a long time, probably several years, before he would be able to speak distinctly. The age of miracles is past, but the age of ignorance and credulity is evidently not, judging from the item quoted above. I believe there is not an instance on record of such a thing happening, and I wish to state to your readers that there is not a particle of truth in the above-statement copied from the Statesman. I have seen the young man referred to within two days and know whereof I speak. It is a well known fact that many deaf-mutes can hear some sounds; for instance, the beating of a drum, and sometimes, from sores in their head, the tympanum of the ear becomes inflamed and is more sensitive than usual. This has been the case with young Elkins and that is all the foundation that exists for the miracle of the Statesman.

Respectfully yours, J. H. P.

Full Confession of the Jefferson County Boy Murderer.

The following is the confession of Frank Rutten, the boy-murderer of Sarah Conklin, as given in his own words, and written down by Deputy Sheriff Herb. Babbitt, of Watertown:

"About a week before John Allen went away he came to town and got a pint of whiskey, and left some there in a bottle when he went away. What was left in the bottle the day of the murder I drank. Bertie Van Slyck told me that she (Sarah Conklin) had been calling me names. He told me the next night after John Allen went away. I stood in the alley-way of the barn after throwing down the hay and looked out. I saw her near the bars by the school-house. She was not in the lot. I went out of the alley door and under the bridge. I went right close to the orchard fence and came back the same way. She got into the woods before I did. I asked her what she had been saying such things about me for. She didn't make any reply, but started to run. I ran after her with a stick in my hand. I don't know whether it was the stick shown at the corner's inquest or not, for I didn't see that, but the one I had was a good, solid maple stick with a knot on it. I was about five or six feet from her when I threw it. I hit her on the right hand side of the head. She dropped where she stood, and lay. She began to shake, and then got up and staggered along. Then I went to her again and tightened the scarf on her neck. She kicked, and tried to untie the scarf. I didn't mean to kill her when I hit her with the club, but she looked so that I was afraid she would do something to me, and so I went back and killed her. I didn't stay more than five minutes after I tightened the scarf. I fed the turkeys before I left the barn. I shut the grain barn door, but didn't fasten it. I had on a coat over my frock. I didn't get any blood on me. I was scared about what I had done that night after I got back to the barn."

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Successful Opening of the Exposition—A Gala Day in Philadelphia—Lot of Bunting, and Crowds of People—The Military Display and the Ceremonies.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1876.
The deed is done. The festival day has come and the Centennial Exhibition is opened. This great panorama which is to be at once an exposition of the growth during its first hundred years of the greatest nation on earth, and of the corresponding progress in art, science and civilization of the whole world, has begun its evolutions. The ceremonies and the success of the occasion were commensurate with the importance of the event. It was a gala day for Philadelphia, and a proud day for the bird of freedom. Probably such an immense concourse of people never thronged the streets of the city before, it being estimated that at least 100,000 were in attendance, the assembled multitude comprised citizens of nearly every country on the globe. The display of bunting and the flag decorations of the streets and buildings exceeded anything ever witnessed on any occasion before, lending an inspiration of beauty, life and gaiety to the scene.

The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon, and seemed like our national holiday—the 4th of July. For nearly two days previous, rain had poured down in torrents, and the night before was portentous of mud and water for the opening. Yet old Probs. said it would be fair, and the people stood round the hotel lobbies and under awnings praying that he might be right, or at least be able to effect an arrangement with the clerk of the weather. But the morning dawned unpropitious, and the military which had been ordered to rendezvous at half-past seven were tardy in falling into line. An hour later, however, the clouds broke away and old Sol came out in all his splendor. Then the sight was grand and beautiful. The city was all tasselled and festooned with the flags of every nation, which shook off the glistening drops; and the sound of drums and bugles down a dozen streets betokened the marshalling of troops. It was nine o'clock when the head of the line reached the residence of George W. Childs, where the President and Cabinet took a position at the head. The military escort consisted of Gov. Hartranft, and Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, with their respective staffs and about 6,000 men in line, some of the most notable organizations being the Boston Cadets, and the Boston Lancers and the Pennsylvania State Fencibles.

From 8 o'clock to nearly the middle of the afternoon, every street-car, every steam-car, and every avenue leading to the Exhibition Grounds was crowded and thronged with an eager mass of humanity, bent upon seeing what there was to behold. People rode the whole distance—over three miles from the Continental Hotel—with one foot resting upon the platform of a street-car, and one hand caught somewhere above, so anxious were they to reach the grounds. The hour for opening the gates had been fixed at 9 o'clock, but long before that time the main entrance was besieged by an impatient throng, which never grew less but was constantly augmented till late in the day. As I went from one gate to another to witness the efforts of the eager multitude to gain admission, it seemed to me that the facilities for ingress and egress were entirely inadequate, at least for this occasion.

The exercises of the opening were simple and dignified. A thousand men in uniform, freshly organized, studded the landscape as police. Two hundred and fifty jurors, whose expenses will be as many thousand dollars, were upon the grand stand waiting to begin their labors when the President of the United States should open the Exhibition. Nearly three times the number of States originally assenting to the sublime insubordination of Independence were represented by their Commissioners. The speeches were short and without indicate individuality, and America, at peace with the world, produced the martial tunes of every nation, which were cheered without discrimination by her multitudes. Beauty as well as rank graced the festive place. There sat near her husband the Empress of Brazil and daughter of the King of the Sicilies. The President's wife was a neighbor of the beautiful lady of the Spanish Minister. A Quaker poet wrote the hymn of pious gratulation:

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet, to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.

The grand basso voice of Mr. Whitney, of Boston, rose above the thousands of tones, producing an encore, while the tones of prayer from a Methodist bishop fully expressed the undiminished aspirations of the America of the second century. "May the new century be better than the past. More radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with the emanations of a world-wide sympathy. May capital, genius, and labor be freed from all antagonism by the establishment and application of principles of justice and equity." One thousand voices accompanied the great organ. In the interludes the military bands boomed over the wide enclosure where the soldiery rested on their arms. Then there was a silent signal, and, shaken out from minaret and flagstaff along the vast profiles of the buildings, a hundred banners of all nations blew in the wind. The Exhibition of 1876 was opened.

Descending from the great stand, the President walked through the two principal buildings on the arm of the Director General, accompanied by his guest of Brazil and his family, and followed by the Chief Justice, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House. Cannon saluted the advance party, and before each nation's display of products

the commissioners thereof bowed to the American officials. At the center of Machinery Hall stood the giant engine, grim and silent, its double levers yoked to the mighty wheel which was to move all those miles of shaft and belting and start to life hundreds of machines of all descriptions, and thousands of spools, shuttles and spindles. The President having taken hold of the valve-lever of one engine and the Emperor of that of the other, both gave the turn simultaneously. In an instant the great wheel started to motion, and the obedient looms began their round of six months like an ark of machinery set afloat for a voyage to preserve the creations of man. Meanwhile the gongs and steam whistles, the firing of one hundred guns on George's Hill and the music of the chimes of the bells in the towers had been signaling the approach of the grand finale. Then the vast assemblage dispersed as they desired, and the formalities were over until the Fourth of July brings more splendid pageants. By night the illuminated streets drew down their crowded aisles the resident and visiting thousands, and it seemed like a Roman carnival in the Quaker City.

So the triumph of the formal opening exceeded the most sanguine expectations and insures a magnificent success throughout. It is impossible to obtain accurate statement of the number of persons within the grounds on Wednesday, because the turnstiles are not in perfect working order and did not register correctly, but estimates range from 100,000 to 150,000. Probably even the lowest estimate is rather high as thousands upon thousands did not get in at all. A change is evidently needed in the regulation prescribed by the Department of Admissions, which obliges every visitor to pay a fifty cent note. The absurdity of refusing a dollar for two persons, or two dollars for four, is too evident and annoying to be long continued. Hundreds were turned back from the gates, which they had gained by patient waiting in line, and obliged to fall in at the end of a longer one at the office for changing money, or submit to the extortion of the speculators in fifty cent notes. This class made a small fortune by means of this regulation. Everybody sees the reason why the gatekeepers cannot make change; but nobody understands why a dollar bill cannot be put in a box in payment for two admissions, as well as two half dollars. All that is requisite is that the gatekeeper should have as much money in his box as the register on his turnstile calls for. On Wednesday a stalwart countryman offered a \$1 bill for himself and wife, and was told, like thousands of other visitors, that he must bring two 50 cent notes. He expostulated a little while with no effect but to irritate the gatekeeper. Then he roared in a voice of thunder: "Take the money and let us in or I'll knock you down." The frightened official broke the rule and allowed the couple to pass in.

From the experience so far it is pretty clear that the facilities for accommodating visitors with bed and board will be ample, and some of the greedy landladies who have counted upon stowing lodgers away in tiers four or five deep, at a charge of \$1 per minute, will learn a lesson. It is not likely that there will be so many here at any one time during the season, except on the 4th of July, yet the capacity of the hotels and boarding-houses was not fully taxed. Here are samples of the statistics reported officially: The Continental Hotel, in the heart of the city, has a capacity of about 1,200. On Tuesday night they registered over 900, and Wednesday there were only 160 departures. The Girard House, also in the heart of the city, nearly touched its zero mark, taking in 780 guests, its capacity being 1,000. The Globe Hotel, standing as it does at the gates of the Exposition, dined 2,700 people on Wednesday, and lodged 1,400; 800 went away the following day.

And now that the preliminaries are disposed of I can in future letters give detailed descriptions of what there is on exhibition. The display exceeds most people's anticipations. A hurried tour through the Art Hall—of itself a joy forever—Horticultural Hall, Agricultural and Machinery Hall, the different departments of the main building and the various foreign and state pavilions is only just enough to sharpen one's curiosity and give an idea of the immensity of the Exposition. The festive pickpocket is about and thieves have already commenced their work, several articles for exhibition have been missed within the past few days.

A Stewart Memorial Church.

Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton have arranged to build a splendid Episcopal memorial church to Mr. Stewart in the finest part of Garden City, the church to be both a tomb or mausoleum for Mr. Stewart's remains, and a monument to his memory. The structure is to be a church for the parish, and is to be used as such for the benefit of all who choose to attend it. The remains of Mr. Stewart will be removed to it, and buried in a vault connected with it. The building will be surrounded by grounds some seven hundred feet square, which will be ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and will be as attractive as nature and art can make them. A handsome parsonage will be built on the grounds.

It is reported that a certain minister, not a thousand miles from this place, being annoyed by loud and continued whispering, stopped in the midst of his sermon, and said that those who were engaged in communicating secrets should cease as he could hear all they said. We think more than one minister in this town, who has borne with that annoyance until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, might try the same remedy, and with good effect.

More Thievery.

Last Wednesday morning a guileless stranger, whose face bore marks of innocence and a hard night's work, appeared in town with a team of horses and democrat wagon. The stranger met "Lewt." Hayes and proposed a trade of horses. Hayes was indifferent—totally so; but the stranger was anxious—very anxious to trade. He had completed his spring's work, had a number of cows and four horses, and preferred to sell two of the latter rather than the former. Hayes' tender nature finally yielded to the earnest entreaties of the stranger, and a trade was struck. The guileless stranger left his team, and taking a horse and \$50 of Hayes' hard earnings, left town.

A message was soon after received from Oswego announcing the theft of a pair of horses the previous evening from John G. Williams, of Minetto; and a reward of \$140 was offered by the owner for their return and the conviction of the thief. Prompted by a desire to promote the ends of justice and turn an honest penny for themselves, officer L. L. Thompson and Mr. Hayes at once started for that guileless stranger, the former displaying an elaborate shield presented by L. L. Conklin.

Arriving at a barber's chair, so changed in appearance that he was not easily recognized. Officer Thompson, having relieved him of his pocket-book and the remnants of Hayes money, adorned the stranger's wrists and, accompanied by others, brought him to Mexico. Upon being arraigned before H. L. Cole, Esq., the prisoner, after several ineffectual denials, confessed the crime of stealing, and was remanded to the watchful care of Sheriff Low.

The ends of justice having been thus attained, officer Thompson and Mr. Hayes next turned their attention to the honest penny part of the programme. Taking the stolen team, they drove to Minetto, and before midnight called Mr. Williams from his house. He was pleased at the return of his horses and stroked their necks with tears in his eyes. But before he could consent to pay the reward due to honesty, he desired a mutual conference to be held with his counsel, Hon. Charles Bulger. About midnight the party adjourned to his house. After rapping at the door they were reminded that the centennial had really arrived. For, with steady but muffled tramp, a small army came marching through the house. The door flew open and a musket, supposed to be a relic of the Revolution, was thrust into Thompson's face, followed by the demand "Who comes there?" Thompson thought he had seen a ghost clad in true ghostly armor, and tried to evade the weapon; but he had hardly escaped it when the younger Bulger arrived on the scene with a club in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. The Bulgers being conveniently arrayed, produced the flag of truce and mutual explanations followed. A satisfactory adjustment of affairs was reached and the party separated. Thompson and Hayes are on the best of terms with the Bulgers, but they insist that when the latter shall come here to see them, that musket must be left at home.

A Mammoth Printing Establishment.

The following is an extract from a very interesting article, written from New York city to the Northern Christian Advocate, by "Vidi," about the great printing house of Lange, Little & Co.:

The printing for the Erie Railway is done here, and amounts to over \$100,000 a year. And yet this Erie Railway business is but a snug job, compared to that of Madame Demorest, the famous lady of fashions and patterns, which is also entirely done in this and the periodical department, and amounts to a bill of more than a quarter of a million of dollars annually. It is one of the most remarkable Centennial items of American enterprise and progress, and one of which few persons are aware, that this purely American institution of twenty-five years' growth, now actually supplies patterns and fashions to every civilization under heaven, and encroaches on the domains of semi-barbarism. I am not enough acquainted with her ladyship to say whether or not Stanley carried any missionary consignments for her to the interior of Africa, but I presume he did. There will be a great demand for clothes there, on the first outfit. A ton of tissue paper patterns, with the directions, etc., would seem to go a good ways. In fact it only fills a single London order. "So light is vanity!" Nay, like the atmosphere, if it did not buoy (or rather lift) us up, its weight would crush us to the earth. These fashion parcels (I don't mean the girls) make, in number, the largest express business derived from any other single place in the world. At certain hours of the day it blocksades Fourteenth Street with a line of express wagons reaching from corner to corner, and obliging the ladies of the neighboring aristocratic mansions to walk half a block from their own carriages to reach their own doors. There is something for you Yankees to brag about at Philadelphia for the French style and title, and the directions in all languages, are all that is not pure American about it.

The above patterns are sold by Stone, Robinson & Co., of Mexico, N. Y.

—One particular compositor sets up the religious notices for Saturday's paper. This morning having a notice to hand to that particular person, we stepped into the composing-room and asked: "Who is the religious man?" "I am," I responded the man with the reddest nose and the biggest tobacco box in the room. He got the take.—Ex.

—Rev. Dr. Beach, Rector of Christ Church, Oswego, has resigned the resignation to take effect October first.

—Oswego county has nine divisions of Sons of Temperance.

The National Home.

A LETTER FROM JOHN CARLIN.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Allow me to respectfully beg of all the principals of deaf-mute schools to come forward and engage at once with us in consummating the object of our labors.

The Church Mission, in whose charge several unfortunate mutes are housed and fed in a temporary home, have long experienced difficulties in collecting funds to pay rent and other expenses. Hence it is desirous of removing them to and receiving new inmates at another permanent home of its own next spring, if not earlier, thus saving the rent (\$1,300 per annum), which it does not wish to renew at the expiration of the lease in that season. So it is desirable to purchase such a cheap building, eligible for our purpose, even though in modest proportions, next fall, as it may require some time to make necessary alterations on the premises before their occupancy by our poor recipients of charity. As the Building Committee have about \$2,600 deposited in banks, and desire to increase this amount so as to enable them to meet all expenses at that time, they would be much pleased to receive much generous assistance from the gentlemen whose attention I have the honor of calling to this matter.

And the Committee beg leave to repeat the following, which appeared in my second annual report: "Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the New York Institution, has, by means of a printed circular of his own publication, sent to the parents of his pupils, met with much success in obtaining contributions. So good is his method of securing assistance to the Committee's work, that I beg to suggest to all the other Principals that they make a trial of it in their respective spheres, constructing their circulars in whatever style they may deem most appropriate. Dr. Peet's circular will be found below:

"NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, June 9th, 1876."

DEAR SIR:—The pupils of this Institution have become interested in an enterprise called the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. Last year they gave nearly three hundred dollars to support six deaf-mutes of this class. They now desire to raise five hundred dollars, as their contribution toward a building fund for this object, but they cannot do so without the aid of their parents. They have, therefore, requested me to send this circular to their parents, and ask them to send me from one to five dollars each, which shall be credited to their names respectively. I shall be gratified if you send me immediately what you feel able to give in behalf of your child.

Very truly yours,
ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal."

Let me inform all contributors that their names and contributions will be duly recorded in my third annual report.

JOHN CARLIN,
Chairman of the Building Committee,
New York, May 6th, 1876.

"A Week at Deacon Packard's."

We had promised, and now the time was come for us to fulfill our promise of making a visit at the home of our old friend and classmate, Mr. P. W. Packard, more familiarly known as the deacon. So one Saturday afternoon found us on board an express train bound for Salem. We were soon rushing along that dreary interval of marsh, which so forcibly reminds one of the opening chapter in "Great Expectations." Perhaps by and by, as Boston extends her encroaching arms, these now useless swamps will be reclaimed and adorned by palatial mansions, similar to those on the Back Bay. The prospect without being thus uninteresting, we turn our attention within, and find the passengers consist mostly of ladies returning home from a day's shopping in Boston, laden with bundles, parcels and packages innumerable. One brief stop is made at Lynn, then on speeds the iron horse, bringing us, before we know it, into the depot at Salem.

Our friends had been notified of our coming, and we had scarcely stepped out upon the platform before we were greeted by the bright countenance and smiling welcome of our hostess. Proceeding to the house, we pass Mr. Packard's place of business and call in to pay our respects.

The worthy deacon is busy in the upholstery department of his brother's large furniture establishment. He receives us with cordial courtesy, and extends to us a polite invitation to inspect the store, which invitation we are only too happy to accept. Before leaving the upholstery room, Mr. Packard gives us some insight into the handicraft of the upholsterer; shows us the various long, straight, crooked and circular needles used; and points out a specimen of his own work, a large, easy chair, one of a stylish suit to be upholstered in chintz for one of the summer cottages at Swampscott. We are then conducted through the various departments of an extensive furniture establishment. And such an array of everything imaginable in the furniture line. It is impossible to describe all. Suffice it to say there was everything adapted to meet the wants of everybody, from the tasteful but inexpensive suits for the modest home of the mechanic, to the costly and luxurious furnishing of a merchant's mansion.

Circled by our hostess we soon reach their home in Union Street. It is one of those quaint, old-fashioned streets which abound in Salem, and to us it acquired the glamour of romance when we learned that our favorite author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, abode there during his days of ungenial drudgery in the Salem Custom House. The house is an old-fashioned gambrel-roof, with a large chimney in the centre, a little way from Mr. Packard's on the opposite side of the

street. What a crowd of thoughts came rushing through our mind connected with this truly wonderful genius. We recalled his beautiful wife, herself so richly gifted that had she chosen, she, too, might have won the laurel wreath of successful authorship. But these splendid endowments, with the self-abnegation of woman's devoted affection, she laid at the feet of her husband, and placed herself between him and every annoyance from the hard, practical world. Hawthorne thus shielded, aided and cheered by his admirable wife, dreamed those enchanting romances, and the world is ennobled and elevated by their perusal.

The next day being Sunday, we accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Packard to the rooms of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, 246½ Essex St. Mr. Packard conducted a Bible Class in the forenoon, and in the afternoon delivered a lucid, forcible and interesting discourse from Prov. 14: 14. The usual number of mutes from Salem and vicinity were present, together with two others, who had driven twelve miles to attend. Mr. Packard's ever active mind has hit upon a plan for the permanent support of this society, which strikes us as both commendable and practicable. He proposes to raise by subscription the sum of \$5,000, which will be suitably invested and the interest applied to the support of the society. We were glad to learn that Mr. Packard's long and zealous labors in behalf of the deaf-mutes meet the recognition they deserve, in the appreciation and confidence of the mutes.

Monday was bright and clear. Mrs. Packard took us on a short call to Mrs. Southwick, whom we found suffering from a severe cold, which had confined her to the house over two weeks. Returning from this call, we stopped to see the old Witch House on the corner of Essex and North streets. It was one of those picturesque, many-gabled houses which might have served Hawthorne for his original of the "House of Seven Gables."

It was built in 1631, occupied at first by Roger Williams, and afterwards by Jonathan Curwin, Esq., one of the judges during the witchcraft trials. The demand for modern traffic has removed the gables, and put on an ugly addition used as a drug shop. However, we were shown into a low coiled room, used as a court room during the trial of the witches. After investing some currency in photographs of the house as it originally was, we started homeward. Whether the spirits of the deceased witches were flying invisible through the air, or what, we wot not, but, before we knew it, a strong gust of wind came up and behold! our "love of a bonnet" was scudding away at 2:40. Anathematizing the powers of witchcraft, we were led a lively race after the capering chapeau. It was finally caught and restored to its despairing owner by a gallant masculine, with an air and manner which might have graced the courtly Raleigh, when he made that memorable spread for Queen Elizabeth.

Tuesday proved stormy, and after breakfast our host, on hospitable thoughts intent, introduced us to his library, a fine collection by the way, mostly of history, biography, travels, works on theology, etc. We believe there was not a single novel in the collection; in this respect our friend resembles Napoleon, who allowed no novels in his court. Selecting the "Memoirs of John Kitto," we managed to possess ourselves of their leading contents. Every reader of the JOURNAL should peruse the story of this truly remarkable semimute. His indomitable energy and perseverance in acquiring an education through the most discouraging obstacles of poverty and misfortune; his triumph over these early obstacles, and gradual rise to the proud eminence of the first Biblical scholar of the age, commands our utmost admiration, united with esteem for a character so manly and noble.

In the evening a deaf-mute company dropped in and some comical masquerading was gotten up by certain parties. We advise any one visiting Mr. and Mrs. Packard to have their mythical faculties insured beforehand. Mr. Packard owns about five hundred dollars worth of the atrial paraphernalia, which he uses at the annual lectures in Boston and Salem; also lets out for hire. Last summer Maggie Mitchell, wishing to perform at Gloucester, sent to him for his scenery. He also owns a hand printing press, and employs odd moments of leisure in doing job work for the business men of Salem, thereby adding to his resources.

Wednesday we started to make calls on the mutes in Marblehead. Our ride over was enlivened by the chat of our hostess, who is one of those charming women that never grow old. A natural gaiety of temper, united to goodness of heart and steadfastness of principle keeps her ever young.

Happily for us, on our arrival at Mr. Bowden's, we found the mutes upon whom we were to call there assembled, and the streets being in such a muddy condition, we were saved the trouble of going further. The names of those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Sweet, Mrs. Nellie J. Chamberlain, Mrs. P. W. Packard, Miss Myra E. Alden, Master Harry Bowden. Many jokes and puns were let off at Master Harry's expense, who at last resented our familiarities by lifting up his voice in indignant protest. He gives promise of becoming one of the solid men of Marblehead, weighing now at ten months old, twenty-eight pounds! From the windows of their pretty parlor is a fine view of the sea and Marblehead Neck, now becoming popular as a summer resort. Mr. Bowden, who, by the way, is entirely at home with Old Neptune, owns a fine large yacht and invited us to "come again" in the summer and try its seaworthiness.

The remainder of our week's sojourn in Salem was passed in visiting various public places of interest, viz., the Peabody Academy of Science, the Essex Institute, Museum, Libraries, etc. Altogether we think Salem a very attractive place

of residence, and our week at Deacon Packard's was to us, indeed, most enjoyable.

Returning to Boston we found the Library closed; Sunday services suspended and the leaders engaged in a suit at law. That matters are now brought to a climax may prove for the best, as giving the chance for a "new departure" in new men and new measures. Mr. Tillingham is a man of unconquerable energy, and remarkable executive ability, and after these troubles are settled, we think the society will flourish and prosper as never before.

A. E. A.

The Death of Wm. L. M. Beg.

JACKSON, Mich., May 11, 1876.
FRIEND RIDER:—The sad news comes to us that our friend Beg is no more. He passed away on the evening of the 9th, at 6½ o'clock, so the dispatches state. Beyond this I know nothing, and am therefore unable to furnish immediate particulars. He died of bilious fever and a complication of other diseases.

When I saw him for the last time, two weeks ago, he seemed to be growing better. I shall never forget the words which bespoke the feelings of his heart. He expressed a hope that he would soon be entirely well, and with his pupils, for whom he cherished the deepest affection. And so it was with him always. His warm, sympathetic nature and affection for the work, made him one of its best and brightest representatives. He has left his own impress upon the hearts of every one connected with the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb as pupils.

Twenty years have rolled past since he came out West to the then wilds of Michigan. The Institution was struggling into existence. He brought into the work zeal and capacity, and has always labored faithfully to further its interests. His affection for it never once left him—never once flagged. Of this I am fully able to speak, in part, from a personal acquaintance extending through the eight years we were fellow-teachers together. What cannot be supplied by further personal acquaintance is borne out by the testimony of older friends.

All who have labored with him in the same capacity will remember his constant concern for the mental and moral advancement of his pupils—how he was wont to discuss almost daily the best methods of instruction, and how gladly he would adopt any suggestion, even if it came from younger heads in the profession. To benefit his own people was indeed the ruling ambition of his life. That he succeeded in this laudable ambition the graduates who are now following useful occupations and leading honorable lives, will bear abundant witness.

He leaves a widow and four children, the youngest a mere infant. In their bereavement they have the sincerest sympathies of all.

Yours very sincerely,
A. W. MANN.

The Central New York Institution.

We are having capricious weather. The mercury showed 94° in the shade last Sunday. It is much nearer the thirty than yesterday. Stoves came down with a rush the day after this extraordinary heat; a few days afterwards a few crept back and are doing good service. But Prof. C. can tell you all about it. He headed the pulling down, and, sad to relate, was in front of the march back. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

One of our pupils, old enough as years go, but fearfully young in attainments, went to a relative's to spend Sunday. Monday morning no one could be spared from the farm to take her back, so the following successful and ingenious plan was carried out: She was put on the train with the heading of our letter paper, "Central N. Y. Institution for Deaf-mutes, Rome, N. Y.," pinned in a conspicuous place on her dress. The conductor put her out at our station and various persons pointed out the way up to the Institution, whenever she got confused and turned to the passer.

Prof. C. has engaged a snug little house a few minutes' walk from the Institution and says he will soon take possession with his family.

We have an original style of straw hats here, which must be seen to be appreciated. Words are useless.

We have seventy pupils; not the least interesting among whom is little Adams, who, remaining home all winter on account of his tender years, has lately returned, proud in the possession of his first pair of pantaloons.

Mr. C. H. Cooper stepped a little while, on his way to Watertown to look after affairs of pressing moment to him; with which personal item I must close for lack of material. News cometh not from Rome this week.

C. S. M.

Rome, Monday, May 15th, 1876.

California Deaf-Mute Institution.

BERKELEY, April 25th, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Society of the new Baptist Church of this place held a picnic on the 22d of April last. Several deaf-mutes attended it and enjoyed a gay time. Your correspondent did not go as he had to remain on sentinel, at his post of duty, he being one of the teachers of the Institution. The examination of the pupils will take place on the 22d of May, and will last ten days. The annual vacation begins the first of June. Nearly all the pupils will go home and spend three months in recreation. Our principal, Mr. Warring Wilkinson will then go East to attend the Convention of teachers and visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and perhaps several institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind. I regret that I cannot visit the Centennial at Philadelphia.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

The Centennial Season at Philadelphia.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I trust you will do me a great favor by publishing the following in your paper at the first opportunity.

The great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia has just opened and will continue till November; visitors in great numbers will go there, and many of them will make a long visit in the city, because the exhibition buildings, numerous and vast in proportions, contain thousands of such interesting curiosities, machines, pictures, and old historical relics, sent there from all parts of the world, that it will require a long time to examine them all carefully.

By reason of the high prices of lodging and board at all the hotels and boarding houses in the city, my brother Andrew, a resident of Camden, a very charming city just opposite Philadelphia over the river, kindly offers to rent and use one or two genteel buildings in Camden as lodging houses for deaf-mute visitors on condition that he shall obtain a considerable number of such as may desire to lodge at respectable houses at a very low price of lodging. They must therefore write to him as soon as possible, requesting him to secure beds for them, and stating what month and day they shall come to Camden and how long they will sojourn there. His address is—Mr. Andrew B. Carlin, No. 405 Arch St., Camden, New Jersey.

The prices of lodging in Philadelphia and elsewhere will be from 75 cents to \$2.00 per night; those of lodging, supper and breakfast, from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day; those of lodging and all meals at hotels, from \$2.50 to \$5.50 per day. Mr. Carlin's price of lodging will be \$3.50 per week, to be paid in advance. As he will not provide meals for his lodgers, they will find them at good dining houses in Camden and Philadelphia, costing from 15 to 50 cents per meal.

Dinners or lunches may be had at restaurants in the park and elsewhere. Married couples, wishing to board together at his private dwelling house, will be charged ten dollars each person per week.

Presuming that your readers would like to know how much they ought to provide themselves with for a week's visit, I should say from \$15 to \$20, excluding railroad and steamboat fares; and beg to suggest that visitors should be in parties of from five to fifteen each, under the leadership of trustworthy persons, who can be their treasurer.

JOHN CARLIN.

New York, May 8, 1876.

P. S. There are several lines of horse cars which leave their respective stations in Philadelphia, quite near the river, for the park, and therefore visitors in Camden will have a better chance of seats than those in the center of the city.

The Cloudy Day.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Spring had passed away with its bloom, and summer now reigned. The sun shone with unclouded splendor, and under the influence of his fervid beams, all nature languished. Scorching by the intense heat, leaf and flower had withered, and the streams had ceased to flow. At this season, on arising one morning I observed on looking forth, that the day had dawned dark and lowering. Thick clouds overspread the sky, and not a ray of sunlight penetrated the gloom. As I had intended to spend the day abroad on a pleasure excursion, these signs of an approaching storm were viewed by me with feelings of regret. Soon the clouds began to discharge their liquid stores, and through the whole day the rain continued to descend in reviving showers; but still my mind was occupied by selfish sorrow for the disappointment I had met with.

Next morning, on taking an early walk, I found the aspect of all things changed; the sun again shone forth in beauty and glory, but no longer with intense heat; the flowers bloomed with fresh beauty and filled the air with their fragrance; the sparkling stream rushed rejoicingly through the vale; and the whole creation seemed to smile with renewed beauty. Thoughts of sorrow arose in my mind for the selfish regret of yesterday. I understood that all the changes I had seen were the fruit of the cloudy day.

Let us then not murmur, though our sky should be overcast by the dark clouds of adversity. How many there are who grieve for the loss of a few hours of sunshine, forgetting that the clouds which cause them so many murmuring thoughts, are often fraught with the richest of blessings. Many of the noblest qualities of nature would never be called into action were it not for the storms of adversity. Fortitude, patience, resignation, are they not the fruits of the cloudy day? It is then they shine with their greatest lustre. It is then that hope and faith cheer our trembling spirits, pointing beyond the tomb to fairer and brighter worlds, where no darkness ever obscures the glory of eternal sunshine, and where the shadow of a cloud never falls.

There is an old saying that "it is always darkest just before day."

M. S. C. BELCHER.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 6th, 1876.

—Don't take down your stoves yet. Those who have done so, regret it.

—We are glad to see Mr. L. W. Rolinson upon our streets again, after his recent illness.

—Commissioner McWhorter has been elected president of the Board of Education of Oswego.

—Hon. Wm. H. Herrick died at his residence in Oswego, Tuesday morning, aged 54 years.

—The next meeting of the Central Congregational Association will be held at Pulaski, May 31, and June 1.

—A free concert will be given in our village, at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning. It will be one of superior order.

Confirmation of Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York.

On the seventh inst., although the rays of the sun were blistering hot, the thermometer standing at from 81° to 86° between 12 m. and 3:30 p. m., many deaf-mutes, hailing from Brooklyn, Newark, and Tarrytown, seemed to forget the heat in the pleasure of a stroll over the green to seek shady nooks in the parks and friendly sheltering trees for protection from old "Sol's" fiery glare. They assembled in large numbers at St. Ann's Church, to view some of the good being accomplished by Bishop Potter.

The occasion being the confirmation of quite a large number of deaf-mutes and other persons desirous of maintaining Christian character, caused St. Ann's Church to be unusually crowded. The audience represented many different classes of society—the deaf and dumb, the hearing and speaking, large and small, old and young, black and white, the serious and gay, and the richly decorated and the poorly clad. At three o'clock the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet administered the baptismal rite to several deaf-mutes prior to the opening of the confirmation ceremonies. While thus engaged the venerable Bishop Potter entered, proceeded to the vestry-room and took a seat. As soon as Dr. Gallaudet had finished his baptismal service, the Bishop came in and with firm steps ascended the rostrum. At precisely 3:45 the Sunday-school choir, under the leadership of Revs. Chamberlain and Kraus, came in and occupied seats at the left of the deaf-mutes. Bishop Potter offered grace, and the prayers before the confirmation were as follows:

"O my God, through thy great mercy, I have been made thy child in Baptism. Grant now, that by the grace of confirmation, I may be made a strong and willing Christian. May thy Holy Spirit give me strength to overcome my evil habits, to fight against my temptations, to keep thy commandments, and to be a true soldier of Jesus Christ. This I pray thee, O God, for thy dear Son's sake. Amen."

"O Holy Ghost, Spirit of God! I believe that I am about to receive thee in confirmation, and hope that thou wilt cleanse my soul unto everlasting life. Come then, O Holy Spirit, my light in darkness, my strength in weakness, and my joy in sorrow. Come and fill my heart with thy love. Amen."

After the conclusion of prayer, Dr. Gallaudet called upon those who were to be confirmed to form into line on the left side of the pulpit, and the Bishop delivered a very able and impressive address in relation to the rite of confirmation which was about to be conferred upon them and its need of sustaining them in the position in which they were to be placed. The address was interpreted in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. The Bishop then laid his hands upon the candidates and bestowed upon them the rite of confirmation.

The following is a list of the names of those who received confirmation, all of whom are deaf-mutes: Misses Kate Shute, L. Odell, Bella Leghorn, E. Taylor, A. Glickman, A. Leaver, E. Ludwig, E. Rose, A. Gutsell, E. J. Randall, Dora Vallbrecht, and a few others with Messrs. W. Jackson, S. Sinclair, E. Austin, W. Breckett, J. A. Dunlap, W. White, Jas. Hogan and several others, including some from the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. After the confirmation the following prayer was offered:

"Almighty God, I thank thee with all my heart, for having sent down thy Holy Spirit into my soul, with all His gifts and graces. O let Him now remain with me forever, to guide me, and to strengthen me, and to keep me from all evil. Give me grace to fight manfully against sin and the devil; bring me safely through the dangers of this world, and when I have been faithful unto death, give me the crown of everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

After prayer the following hymn was sung:

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
All lighten with celestial fire,
Thou the anointing spirit art,
That dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Annoy and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song,
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

AGRIFFA.

Brooklyn, May 10th, 1876.
—R. K. Sanford, formerly of Fulton, now in the New York Custom House service, joined Plymouth church, May 7th. He now fights mit Beecher.

—Now is the time to tell the public what you have for sale. Advertise liberally and the people will believe that you are selling goods cheap.

—Messrs. L. H. Conklin and C. F. Tuller came from Syracuse yesterday, with a large lot of evergreens for the cemetery grounds.

—Dr. Manwaring brought us this morning quite a curiosity, in the shape of a small orange taken from a large one. Though quite small, it is perfect in shape.

—Our streets were enlivened on Monday night by the Huntingdon Guards, and on Tuesday evening by the Fire Department. Music furnished by the Helicon Band and the bull frogs.

—The young lady of this village who lost a love letter the other day, and which was couched in very endearing terms, can have the same by applying at this office.

Base Ball Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On May 1st the pupils of the Institution organized a Base Ball Club, styled the "Silent Base Ball Club," of Philadelphia. On Wednesday they held their first meeting and elected the following officers:

President—Charles H. Sherlock.
Vice President—Lewis W. Callahan.
Secretary—Jacob M. Koehler.
Treasurer—William P. Austin.
GEORGE E. KOHLER.

Chairman.

Brewster R. Allabough, Herbert M. Mallick, Charles H. Sharrar, Committee. The club numbers 40 members at present, and bids fair to be a success. The playing nine is a very strong one, and has for its captain Robert M. Zeigler. The club is now ready to receive challenges, which must be sent to the secretary in writing, or they will not be noticed.

FIRST GAME OF THE CLUB.

On Saturday, May 6th, the Silent Base Ball Club of this Institution played a friendly game of base ball with the Mutual club, of Philadelphia, composed of ex-pupils of this Institution, on the Grounds at 49th and Walnut streets. The weather was all that could be desired, and the clubs were in excellent spirits. The game began promptly at 2 o'clock with the Mutuals at the bat. In the first innings the Mutuals only scored 4 runs, while their opponents succeeded in scoring 11. At the end of the first innings the game was interrupted by the club to whom the grounds belong, wishing to use it themselves. After being refused by the owner of another ground, the clubs at last found one to suit them after losing nearly an hour of precious time. The game was then resumed. At the second innings Jones of the Mutuals did some heavy batting, and Manners of the Silents distinguished himself by his splendid fielding. At the end of the second innings the score stood, Silents 17, Mutuals 7. At the third innings Devlin scored a home run for the Mutuals on a splendid fly over centre, and Allabough of the Silents surprised and surprised the Mutuals by his batting, which was unequalled throughout the whole game. Third innings ended, Silents 19, Mutuals 10. Fourth innings resulted in 0 for both clubs. At the fifth innings the playing of the Mutuals was very careless, and they only scored 2 runs, while their opponents scored 10. This was the last innings as it was past 6 o'clock and getting too dark to play. The Silents won the game by the score of 29 to 12. The game was very interesting, and but for the interruption at the end of the first innings would doubtless have been completed. The following is the score:

SILENTS	B. C. O. R.	MUTUALS	B. C. O. R.
R. M. Zeigler, c.	2	Jos. Devlin, 1st b.	1
C. H. Schall, 3d b.	1	D. Zeigler, p.	3
B. E. Allabough, 1st b.	1	Thos. Conway, 3d b.	2
J. H. Sands, f.	1	G. C. Peters, cf.	3
Joseph Bruthi, rf.	0	C. B. Stillwell, c.	1
Wm. Lee, ss.	2	G. W. Campbell, 2d b.	2
D. Manners, 2d b.	3	John Robb, 3d b.	1
C. H. Sharrar, cf.	3	Henry Jones, lf.	1
John Lewis, p.	2	Franklin Zell, ss.	1
	15		12

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Silents	1	6	2	0	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Mutuals	4	3	0	0	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Umpire—Martin Fortescue.
Scorer—John Dailey.

JACOB M. KOEHLER,
Secretary Silent Base Ball Club.

How to be a Gentleman.

We copy the following from a contemporary which was written by our regular correspondent, "Agrippa."

"What makes a man a gentleman? Not personal beauty, for that may be the spotted hide which covers a tiger; besides sickness may bleach it out, or disease may erase it from his face. Wealth cannot crown a man with genuine nobility. It may fly on wings of fire, on wings of water, and wings of air; and it cannot of itself impart that benevolence and urbanity which lie at the base of true politeness and good manners. Birth is an accident, and a title may accompany it without yielding the attributes and endowments of a gentleman. Learning fails to make a selfish man, a coarse-grained, conceited man, a snob, or a fop, truly genteel. There are plenty of cultivated and educated fools, and a fool cannot be a gentleman. A gentleman must be gentle in his speech, gentle in his conduct, gentle in his manners, in private and in public life. He who yields to bad temper will be irritable and profane and not gentle. He who bows at the shrine of Bacchus will first be cheerful, then silly, then savage and ungentelemanly. A true gentleman will respect the sentiments and tastes of others, will be willing to make sacrifices for the benefit and pleasure of others. He will not talk for the sake of winning a word-victory. He will never insult a lady nor be unkind to little children. He will not scoff at religion nor impute wrong motives to others. He is a man, a noble man with a good head and a pure heart and that inner light, a conscience. He cannot be bought nor bribed nor bribed. He would rather be right than to be President. He will not ridicule the unfortunate because of their infirmities. He will not keep his seat on the ladies' side of the ferryboat when a lady is standing. He will never raise his hand to strike a woman, however great the provocation. He will never be found on the street corners making offensive comments or shouting derisively to those who pass him on the sidewalk. There will be no need of his proclaiming to his associates that he is a gentleman, for his gate, look, voice and manly behavior will be his witnesses, and they will speak the truth. The word of such a man as I have pictured as a gentleman, is a bond. Kid gloves and silk stockings cannot conceal a loafer; neither can coarse garments hide the true gentleman from the keen observer."

W. A. BOND.

—The measles are still fashionable in our village.

News of the Week.

The London Times, on Friday, contained a warm congratulatory editorial on the successful opening of the American Centennial Exhibition.

On Thursday Sir Edward Thornton gave a reception to the Centennial authorities.

The Republicans of the Connecticut Legislature have nominated Henry B. Harrison for Senator.

The New York Sub-Treasury has stopped paying out silver, and it has gone up to 2½ per cent. and fractional currency at 2 per cent.

The American Bible Society has a balance on hand of \$8,980; it distributed 850,470 Bibles during the past year in 20 different languages.

George Von Hollem, ex-city collector of Chicago, has fled

Facts and Fancies.

The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

A young lover, even when love is most prosperous, loses heart.

Pluck will carry a man where a palace car will not.

All they are cracked up to be—hickory nuts.

The Sultan pays \$46,000 for music in the harem.

The ladies like to see greenbacks converted into pinbacks.

The latest curiosity proposed is a lawyers' congress. It will assemble in Philadelphia, June 21 and 22.

The largest pork packer in Cincinnati is a Jew.

The wealthiest doctor in San Francisco is a Chinaman.

Under the new time table, the run by rail between New Orleans and New York is reduced to 62 hours.

Judge Davis is having 1776 white oak trees set around his residence at Bloomington, Ill.

An old negro recently died in Crawford county, Pa., whose hair turned entirely white during the last two years of his life.

The new forts around Paris are named after the generals who labored so hard to retrieve the faults of Napoleon III. in the war of 1870.

At the annual convention of gypsies, held a few days ago at Joliet, Ill., the chief laid out the route to be pursued by each band during the year.

The people of Brazoria county, Texas, want the county divided. It is over seventeen hundred square miles in extent, one-third larger than the whole area of Rhode Island, water and all.

A Kansas paper speaks of "a lady" residing near Leavenworth, who has been divorced once, married three times, and now cares for a mixed family of thirteen children, none of which are her own.

The last of the Stuarts, Lady Louisa Stuart, has died at Castle Traquair, ten miles from Edinburgh, at the age of 80. She was descended in a direct line from the royal house of the Stuarts, and was a very accomplished and learned woman.

An agricultural journal advertises a new washing machine under the heading, "Every man his own washerwoman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

France has one man under arms for every 82 persons of the population; Germany, 1 in 98; Italy, 1 in 124; Russia, 1 in 127; Austria, 1 in 150; and England, 1 in 212, without counting the men in the Indian service.

Old Hornblower was talking very big about being entirely a self-sufficient man. Snorewell, who overheard him, said, "Ah, I understand—you were at the school where every man was his own tooter."

Mr. Dunlap, a London teacher of swimming, furnishes his pupils with round paddles for the hands, resembling plates in size and shape, and thus enables them to move with great rapidity through the water.

"Will you have it rare or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done ever since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to eat it in Ireland."

She couldn't find the tick hammer, and Jones complained that she looked too curiously. "Yes," said Mrs. D., "I wish you would. You won't look long till you curse orally, too." And he didn't.

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

The superstition of sailors was strikingly illustrated in Chicago a few days ago. The straits of Mackinac opened on Thursday by the breaking up of the ice, and on Friday the news reached Chicago, but not a vessel would leave port until Saturday.

The immense landing stages at Liverpool are completed. The docks of the port now cover an area of 420 acres, and form a continuous line of more than six miles in length. Their value is twenty millions sterling. Twenty thousand vessels enter the harbor of Liverpool every year.

An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottom of a glass bottle, says that the effect was magical; that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators.

A Roman tomb was recently opened at York, England, and enclosed in a stone coffin was found the body of a young girl, admirably preserved by the use of gypsum, and furnished with what has been considered a modern device—a chignon. This rested upon a pyramid of pods, platts and cois, and although many hundred years old, is a good specimen of the present fashion.

A computation for the time required for the formation of a seam of coal has been made by Mr. E. A. Wunneh of the Glasgow Geological Society, based upon his own observation in the Isle of Arran. He thinks that as many as twenty generations of trees are compressed into three or four inches of coal there, and that eighteen centuries are requisite for one foot of coal.

Parallel of the Sexes.

There is an admirable partition of the qualities between the sexes, which the author of our being has distributed to each with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration:

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman has taste.

Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—Woman an angel of mercy.

A little Idaho three-year old fell into a well recently where the water was six inches deep, and remained there some time before he was discovered. When he was finally rescued his pent up indignation knew no bounds. There was crying about it, and such a volley of invectives upon the heads of neglectful parents never before fell from childish lips. Here is a sample: "You fink I kin tay in a well without noffin to eat like a f'og! 'Ty wasn't no better fader'n mudder'n ou, I'd go without childer'n!"

A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business which had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb in the course of a discussion on the Poor-Law—

"You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words—

"Yes, sir, I am aware of it; you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocosely fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at his better half. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'Oh, dear, I must get up, but I don't want to!' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to.' And she goes to bed saying, 'There, I've been on the move all day, and haven't done anything.'"

THE VERDICT.—The Coroner, in summing up a recent case, pointed out to the jury that there was no evidence whatever that the deceased had come to her end by foul play, and therefore there was nothing else for them to do but to return a verdict of "Death by the visitation of God." The jury, however, thought it dignified to retire for consideration. They dared not, of course, give a verdict right in the teeth of the coroner's summing up, and so, after a long consultation, this is how they satisfied their own consciences and the demands of justice: "We find that the deceased died by the visitation of God, but under the most suspicious circumstances."

The condition of the Ex-Empress Carlotta is very sad. Her physical health is good, but the unfortunate lady can no longer recognize her nearest relations, and the visit of any one who is not one of her regular attendants irritates her beyond expression. She has occasionally lucid intervals, but they are of very brief duration, and at such times she only occupies herself in domestic pursuits.

A darkey left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "Do operator isn't yer?"

The latest sensation—The Centennial clothes pin.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman if she ever became old.

A Serious Matter!

And one that needs well looking after, is that of getting the value of your money. Whether you pay ten dollars or forty for a suit of clothes, you want to know that it is worth that amount. Go to

and you will get the full value of your money. Their Stock is well selected, and kept full by frequent additions. If you wish to get a good business suit, or a nice dress suit, you will find there a large Stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Coatings, &c., from which to select; and they are making, for cash, a reduction of from two to ten Dollars on a suit from last year's prices. Or should you wish something in Ready-made Clothing, you will find there a large stock and prices as astonishingly low.

Just see!

Boys' Cassimere Suits, \$6. to \$12;

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